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FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Editor.
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ADDRESS FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Jr.,
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COMMUNICATIONS.

[The NEW NATIONAL ERA does not hold itself responsible for views expressed by correspondents. Well written and interesting communications will be gladly received.]

Thaddeus Stevens.

BY E. H. WHITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

We are not so presumptious, Mr. Editor, as to attempt with our inexperienced pen to write a eulogy on him whose death moved every lover of liberty to tears, for the universal sense of bereavement is the only fitting eulogy of the virtues and abilities whose departure it mourns. To account for the influence he exerted during life, and to set forth the reasons why we, as a nation, cherish for him such an increasingly precious memory, will be our more modest purpose.

It is generally supposed that since the death of our martyr Lincoln, the nation has not been called upon to lament so great a public loss. A simple statement of those rich qualities of heart and mind which so endeared him to us all is therefore better than all panegyric.

Thaddeus Stevens was, in the true sense of the word, of noble birth. He was sprung from that good race of men in which philanthropy seems to be as hereditary as intelligence; and to which the fine cumulative results of the struggles and triumphs of truth and right have been transmitted as a spiritual inheritance. Born in Danville, Vermont, on April 4th, 1792, in a community where poverty was the rule and wealth the exception, this distinguished statesman began his eventful life in the cradle of obscurity. Of his father but little is known, save that he enlisted in the war of 1812, and fell in the service of his country. His mother, a woman of New England industry, frugality, and piety, early discovered in her crippled boy the germ of uncommon talents, coupled with a noble ambition. Fully sympathizing with his desire for knowledge, through self-sacrifice, she largely aided him in procuring a collegiate education. Though of acute discernment in the more practical relations of life, he was not a bright scholar in the sense of having that superficial perception and ready memory by which lessons are quickly learned; but his mind was of that turn which, through the mental labor put forth, acquired not only knowledge of facts, but discipline and real force of character.

Having graduated from Dartmouth College in 1814, he began the study of the law under Judge Mattocks; but shortly after, resolving to throw himself wholly upon his own resources, he left his native State and settled in Pennsylvania. A situation in an Academy at York being tendered him he accepted it, meanwhile vigorously prosecuting his professional studies. After the most thorough preparation he went to Belair, Maryland, and was there examined and admitted to the bar in 1816. Returning to Pennsylvania, he opened a law office at Gettysburg, and soon became possessor of an extensive practice in that and adjoining counties. Here he continued enjoying the enviable reputation of leader of the bar for sixteen years. There are some prodigies of legal learning and skill who, in their eagerness to master the law, have been mastered by it. Their human nature seems to have been utterly absorbed by their legal nature; but the originality, freshness, elasticity, and independence of Stevens' mind, never allowing the professional man to overshadow the real, increased with the increase of his knowledge and experience. It was his rule to always carefully prepare a case before he tried it. His professional friends and associates say that he was quick to perceive a point, and tenacious to hold it; that he made his argument with "courage, perseverance, spirit, and a dash of old-fashioned, but manly, temper."

Free from from envy, jealousy, covetousness, and that long train of vices of the disposition which isolate many great men from their fellows, his sympathies were unobstructed in their natural outlet. Though remarkably considerate and forbearing when opposed by the young and diffident, he stood upon the floor of the court-room unequaled for the grim jest, the haughty sneer, the pointed sarcasm, or fierce invective launched at those who challenged him with such weapons. In private life no society was more sought than his. His great human sympathy, his fine conversational powers, his brilliant repartee, his fund of anecdote, and learned comments upon the times, made him the very idel of his companions. When he met the poor, ignorant, and unfortunate, his countenance, like that of the good father of Solomon's house in Bacon's "New Atlantis," "was as the countenance of one who pities men." He was a man of honor and veracity. His word was sacred in letter and spirit. His charity, like his political convictions, regarded neither race, creed, nor color. Few men were connected with so many unpopular measures as he. While he freely gave himself to every cause which contemplated the relief of the poor, the reform of the criminal, and the mitigation of the ills of the oppressed, he escaped the narrowing influence which commonly result from exclusive devotion to any particular one; whilst his robustness of moral health saved him from all sentimentality, sanctimoniousness, and cant. Though opposition and calumny could not embitter his spirit, he had a supreme contempt for that moral sentimentality which is content to fondle its benevolent feelings, and shrink from the rough fight, which the feelings were given to sustain. While he boasted not that "Pharisaic holiness," which teaches its ushers to motion all black skins to back seats or gallery, he must be numbered among those whom the poet described when he wrote—

"Abon Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and, like a lilly, bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace, had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abon. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abon spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellowmen.'
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had blessed.
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

He conceded but little regard to mere taste, the frippery of dress, luxury, sentiment, and the whole chapter of exquisitism, but always responded with heartiness to the vivid qualities of the heart and mind.

Mr. Stevens' *debut* in politics was made in 1828, and, in passing from the lawyer to the statesman, we find no break in the integrity of the man. The theory of his ideal republic awarded home and culture to every industrious citizen. With these, human slavery is incompatible. To that system, consequently, he was a relentless foe. Himself a leader, men, policies, and parties never impeded the energy with which he always sought to realize his ideal. A bold thinker, and still bolder actor, he had no sympathy for those who had no higher idea of the noble profession of politics than to obtain success at every hazard. Too frequently the generous impulses of youth give place with the advance of age to that fossil induration called conservatism. But fortune did not permit that dry rot of the soul to dishonor Thaddeus Stevens. He was elected to represent Adams county, Pennsylvania, in the popular branch of the Legislature in 1833, and served therein, without interruption, until 1840, leading his party in that body, if not in the State. During this period he originated and championed through to their passage many measures of improvement, but especially signalized himself by one grand effort which established once for all in Pennsylvania that it is the duty of the State to provide facilities for the education of its youth. Himself the child of poverty, he plead the cause of the poor, and, by the force of his reasoning, intellect, and eloquence, broke down the barriers backed up by ignorance and caste, and earned a name as enduring as the grateful remembrance of her citizens.

In 1837, being a member of the Convention called to revise the Constitution of his State, he was again called upon to combat the injustice of man to man. The cause of universal suffrage was then an unpopular one, and there seemed little prospect of its ever being other wise. The slave power had long seen that if the voice of the black man at the South could be heard in the North, their hold upon human chattels would be broken. With their usual sagacity they had induced Northern politicians, by flattery and bribes, to enter their service. These harpies had created a public sentiment at the North, which assigned the black man to a condition something between man and brute; sometimes the one, sometimes the other. Man as an element of political power, man for the purposes of accountability and punishment; *brute* for all things else. When this Convention sat, this sentiment was at its height, and that body was largely made up of these hirelings of the South. True to their vassalage they substantiated their servility, by silencing, as they believed, forever the voice of the black man in the councils of the State. Most strenuously did Mr. Stevens and those who felt with him protest against this infamous wrong. Yet, in vain, Southern gold triumphed over reason and justice. The State where Penn, a century and a half before, had established the purest self-government the world had ever before seen; now stripped of her virtue, became the advocate of doctrines, at whose heinous crime and outrage *hell herself must blush*. Though this became the organic law, it went into the archives of the State with one vacant seal. Thaddeus Stevens never signed it.

Omitting the recital of his many valuable services during the intervening years, let us come directly to the assembling of Congress in 1859. It was a period of great political excitement. The struggle had already begun, which within two years developed into a gigantic civil war. The times were of such nature as to demand the counsel of the ablest men.

The almost daily conflicts between Lovejoy, Corwin, and Stevens, on the one side, and Barksdale, Branch, and Hindman, on the other; but shaped the course and settled the issues of the coming years of bloodshed and carnage. In the language of these men we already had glimpses of desolated homes, of screaming women, starving children, cities, towns, and hamlets, laid waste, and all that gives life its charm *perverted*—foreshadowings but too frightfully realized.

Though equipped in completest panoply Stevens' generous nature would not permit him to strike the first blow. He rather labored with all the earnestness of his nature to avert it. After the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln in 1860, Congress separated, anxious, yet hopeful. Winter came; but all was changed. A million of armed men were set in hostile array, and the life of the nation hung upon the issue of battles.

As a member of the Committee of Ways and Means, he was charged with the examination of all matters of finance, both of revenue and expenditure. The expense of the Government, never less than two millions per day, sometimes three, made a demand upon the public resources far beyond anything we had ever conceived. In addition to this, interference by several of the leading European powers seemed imminent; the skill and ability of both our civil and military leaders seemed questioned; the early decisions of the field were unpropitious; here and there were timid and faithless men, ready to strike colors at the first sign of irresolution; yet neither upon the floor nor in the committee room did his courage ever falter or his purpose grow infirm. On the contrary, his energies increased with every new emergency, and his spirit, serene and self centred, rode "buoyant on the flood." No one was more impassioned than he; yet no one stood more firm and calm; listening attentively, analyzing carefully, deciding judiciously, unmoved by all the generosities of unreason. He was all alive, soul and body, heart and brain, and, being all alive, his intellect showed its clearness and command as well as his sensibility its fire and impulse. "There is nothing," we are told, "more terrible than activity without insight;" but the rarest quality of comprehensive statesmanship, *the readiness to assume responsibility*, seemed native to his intepid mind.

While events were shaping themselves and the public judgment was baffled by the novelty of the situation, weakness, doubt, or unstableness on his part would have been disastrous, *might have been fatal*. Never did the Ship of State more need such wisdom, firmness, forecast, and energy at the helm.

"Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalmed; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents; how to shift his sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair, weathers;
What her spirings are, her leaks, and how to stop them;
What strands, what shelves, what rocks doth threaten her;
The forces and the nature of all winds,
Gusts, storms, and tempests; when her keel ploughs hell
And deck knocks heaven; then to manage her
Becomes the name and office of a pilot."

And Thaddeus Stevens proved himself to be such a pilot. Thirty years active participation in the anti-slavery movement in this country, had taught him the philosophy of the slave system; and foreseeing the purposes of its champions, the slave holders' rebellion could not take him by surprise. At the tocsin's first toll he was prepared to grapple with treason and traitors in arms. He gave no attention to the cant of "*peace conference or compromise.*" But from the moment the secession of South Carolina, the seizure of the property of the nation, and the insult to our flag flashed over our wires, his voice was for war and its vigorous prosecution on war principles. The brave old patriot would have armed a million of men and marched amid the clash of steel and roar of artillery from the Potomac to the Gulf. Mr. Stevens saw from the first that the war must destroy slavery, and urged the Administration to the immediate emancipation of every slave. Closely following the emancipation came the question of arming men of color. Ever true to the dictates of wisdom, he fell to and lashed his tardy compeers up to the duty of self preservation. When the final blow was struck, and the clash arms had ceased, then came the dangerous question of universal amnesty, promulgated from the highest places, preached from pulpits, recommended in Cabinet, advocated by powerful journals; all the dear bought trophies of a hundred battle fields must have been ignominiously surrendered but for his timely interference.

But the record of that heroic activity is too long for further recital. In him has a great man fallen indeed, another uncompromising hero of the party which has wiped out the foulest stain that ever disgraced a nation. Morris, Lewis, and Giddings lie entombed in Ohio; David Witmot and James Mott in Pennsylvania; Elijah and Owen Lovejoy in Illinois; Adams and Pierpont in Massachusetts; William Leggett in New York; Nathaniel P. Rogers by his native Merrimac; Gamaliel Bailey sleeps under the soil of the National Capital, while the soul of the immaculate John Brown still marches on with Lincoln and the snow-white three hundred thousand of our fallen, whose lives were as unselfish and heroic.

Thaddeus Stevens is gone, but we cannot forget him. Let the monument be raised to perpetuate his memory; let all be done that brass and marble and painted canvass can do to cherish his great name. It was in the height of his reputation and the maturity of his mental powers, with conspicuous abilities seemingly destined for the loftiest place, and with that noble ambition which is born of tested capacity for great affairs, that his life of usefulness, of duty, and of glory was gently arrested. Asleep, but still alive! thou whose life was so potent and talismanic in the furtherance of philanthropy, those who didst glow with the affections, and wert wise with the thoughts which take hold on eternal life, we cannot associate thee with the name of death. Though the grave has closed over thy mortal frame, there still remains to us what the grave could not enclose, what cruel death could not disintegrate—the imperishable substance of thy firm knit character that continues to thee and to us a possession forever!

Letter from Mississippi.

VICKSBURG, MISS, Jan. 5, 1872.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

A few leisure moments to-night, after a hard day's work with the lawyers, give me an opportunity of dropping you a line or two concerning affairs in this State.

Our Legislature met on Tuesday last, and, after a little wire-working among the knowing ones, effected a permanent organization, and is already at work. Senator Bennett, of Rankin county, was elected President of the Senate, and is, therefore, Lieutenant Governor *ex officio*, as ex-Lieutenant Governor Powers is now Governor of the State—Alcorn having taken his seat in the Senate. He is a good Republican, and will render good service to the State and to the party. But the crowning and most glorious act of the House of Representatives was the election of Hon. John R. Lynch, Representative from Adams county, as Speaker! Mr. Lynch was born a slave, never had any advantages of an educat'on in his younger days, and, of course, he is a thorough Republican, and deeply interested in the welfare of his race. He was appointed justice of the peace by General Ames in 1868 for the city of Natchez, took a prominent part in the constitutional convention of this State, was a member of the last Legislature, and was, on yesterday, with almost unanimous consent of the Republicans of the Legislature, chosen Speaker of the House. We are all proud of it, and glory in his success. He has recently commenced the practice of law, and we predict for him a bright future. He is the Dunn of our State.

We expect to have a large mass meeting on Tuesday night next to send a petition to Congress praying for the passage of Mr. Sumner's supplementary civil rights bill. We wish to see it among the laws of the land; and do not think it right that one class of the citizens of the South, who were guilty of treason, should be fully pardoned, while another class, who were always loyal to their country, should be laboring under a system of oppression, which is a disgrace to any country professing civilization. Put the two bills through together, and all of us will say *amen* to all murmurings from rebels who are groaning under their disfranchisement, and to all complaints from the colored people on account of the inhuman treatment meted out to them by the masters of public carriers, &c.

I see that Senator Alcorn is opposed to the two bills going through together. He spoke knowingly when he said there is no distinction on public carriers in this State. The law allows none; but I am sorry to say that the most of our people draw the line themselves. If you watch some of our leading men—men who *have* held, and who *now* hold, high positions in our Government—when they go into the cars, you will see that they invariably go into those provided for "Jim Crow." It makes me blush when I see it, especially when the laws of the State confirm their right to travel in any car they please. Neither do the laws of the State prevent colored children from attending white free schools, nor *vice versa*, but there are separate schools in almost every county in the State. But, while such is the case in this State, we are subject to most outrageous and inhuman treatment by the captains and agents of steamboats on the river; and it is on account of this, and similar treatment of our people in other States, that we wish to unite with thousands of our brothers in other parts of the country in petitioning Congress to give us relief. The accommodations for colored persons on the river boats are insufferable! While they are superior for white passengers, those for the colored passengers are familiarly known down here as up in the "Bureau" (a stigma, we believe, on the Freedmen's Bureau) and "Texas." On some of the boats they are stabled off into stalls—called by the captains state-rooms for the colored people—while on others they are in the shape of shelves, with an old greasy straw bed, all in one large apartment, without curtains or any other enclosure for ladies! And, as a general thing, our table is set in the kitchen or in the pantry, where our ears ring with the rattling sound of a hundred dishes in a tub of greasy water; and this is done, too, after charging us the same fare that first-class white passengers pay. Our State laws do not reach these boats, which come here from St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and other places, and we pray for a law which *will* reach them. Hon. F. D. Wade, member of the Legislature from Yazoo county, now has a case in the United States courts against a company which has a boat plying between Yazoo City and this city, and the probabilities are that he will recover damages.

Our newly elected officers, who "*fell against*" their positions by the voice of the people at our recent election, have all been sworn in, and are now busy straightening up matters so as to get things to suit them. These colored men are now in the court-house—T. W. Cardozo, as Clerk of the Circuit Court, a very intricate and laborious office; G. W. Davenport, as Clerk of the Chancery Court, a handsomely paying office; and C. H. Smith, as Deputy Sheriff, a very responsible position. Pardon me, there are four—Peter Crosby, as County Treasurer, a position which pays well by paying money out.

And now, as the night is growing old, and my pair of little boys are securely in the arms of morpheus, I must say to you, as they said to me long before I commenced this letter, *bona nox*. CIVIS.

Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12th, 1872.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

Whenever a great moral work is to be done history furnishes us with the evidence, that a great man has been raised up to accomplish it. More than a score of years ago the West India Islands were degraded by the barbarous and inhuman institution of slavery. The cries of mothers and fathers were wafted across the ocean until they reached the shores of Great Britain, and sympathy was awakened in the breast of the immortal Wilberforce; who, by the assistance he received from Clarkson, introduced a bill in the House of Commons to abolish the iniquitous system of slavery; which he said was no less injurious to the moral condition of the people of England than it was to the physical well-being of the African race. Through this bill the emancipation of the negro was accomplished at a cost of twenty millions of dollars as compensation to the slaveholders. It is true, this was but a bartering of human flesh and blood; yet it was preferable to the shedding of blood. This was after all but a temporary enfranchisement. A system of apprenticeship was introduced, and although men were not bought and sold, yet they were so abused by a persistent denial of their franchise that they could no longer endure this semi-system of slavery; and believing "that he who would be free (absolutely free) must first strike the blow himself." Samuel Jackson Prescod, a negro, fought the cause of his race manfully, by day and by night, disregarding offices, scorning to be appeased by rattles, and satisfied with swaddling clothes, until the negro in the West Indies should be free in word and deed, subjected to no distinction by reason of race, color, or past condition of servitude. Samuel Jackson Prescod died but a few months ago, Assistant Judge of the Court of Appeals, the peer of his associates, and the respected, nay esteemed, of all men.

Just so in this country, if not so now it will be so in a very short time. To-day is of great import in the history of the negro in the American States. His inalienable rights are denied him, and no greater glory can the Forty-second Congress of America illumine her stars with than the passage of the bill of Senator Sumner, securing the just rights and privileges of the negro equal with all other men. This must forever stand forth in the history of our Republic as the immortal feature of the humanitarian principle—love of justice—which all who advocate this bill possess.

But more than all this it is due the Republican party that they be true to their principles. What the Supplementary Bill of Civil Rights asks for is construed by many in many ways. The Governor of the District of Columbia says, "it is the logical result of previous legislation." Let me say to the Governor, it is more than all this, it is right growing out of justice and the teachings of our moral nature. It is much to be regretted that our Governor and our Delegate, whom we sent to Congress by the combined vote of the negro and the white man, were both absent at our Mass Meeting held on Friday last. And just here let me say, is the the negro's vote fully appreciated by the Republican party? If to-morrow the election of any Republican depends upon the casting vote of a negro, is not the negro vote then of all value? Just so, in the coming election of 1872, will not his vote swell that of the white Republican? Will his vote not tend to roll up a handsome majority for Grant? Is he then a mere cumbersome article, or is he an indispensable part of the great whole? "Take heed he that thinketh he standeth lest ye fall." It is vain to expect to reap where you have not sown. The Republican party has done too much good to hazard itself by exercising, or giving cognizance of the exercise of prejudice against the negro in any shape or manner. We hear splendid speeches at our meetings by some of our Republican friends. They say, with eloquence and vehemence, they indorse the equality of the negro with all men. They quote beautiful passages of scripture as their guide boards. But we fail to see the practice. Prof. Langston claims, as moral right, and therefore as legal right, to associate with man, woman, or child, of all colors, so long as he is their peer. I say this matter will right itself. I am yet to see the day when talent did not gravitate towards talent when brought close enough. It cannot be dictated. In instance, the Rev. J. W. Durant graduated a short time ago from the Spencer Hall Institute, Philadelphia, with great honors. He was known as a linguist and scholar of rare finding. This gentleman, on several occasions, took tea with Rev. Dr. Howe and his family, and said he experienced no inconvenience. When all men are justly appreciative of talent, and not until then, can we expect indiscriminate association. The Professor is generally regarded (myself likewise) as ultra radical, and few would attempt to question the soundness of his policy; but I make bold to ask, can the poor whites of the South, by intercourse with them, in any manner relieve the Professor of the inconvenience and insufficiency which he says a distinct negro system of education subjects him to, and how? I plead the privilege to a common school system of education for all classes upon a stronger basis than *inconvenience*. It is proscription, which is something more than inconvenience. Give us our rights for right sake, and not because of any special advantage which we may derive by association. I cannot agree with the Professor that the association of the negro with the white class is refining *per se*. In many instances the Professor would be my preferable companion.

Mr. Editor, you will pardon me for this hasty letter. After a day of monotonous labor at a clerk's desk, one is unfit to write such a letter as should appear in your valuable columns.

Yours truly, D. A. S.

Letter from Texas.

CRESSWELL, TEXAS, January 1, 1872.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

Since the publication of my communication of November 29th, 1871, in your paper of the 14th of December, I have received several letters, asking for more definite information about the free school system in Texas. I have concluded to answer all, through the medium of your paper, with your consent.

In 1871, the Legislature of the State passed a school law to educate all the children in the State, between the ages of six and eighteen free. The constitution requires that one-fourth of the State taxes shall be set apart for free schools. The $5,000,000 5 per cent. bonds of the United States, which were sold by the rebel Legislature and squandered in the war against the Government, having been recovered by Governor Davis, the public domain of the State, and a large debt due from the Central and other railroads, have all been appropriated to the public school fund, together with some $100,000 in gold of school money saved from the wreck of the school law which was in force in this State before the war, will build up in the State a mammoth school fund, which will equal that of any other State in the Union. In addition to this, a special tax of 1 per cent. is levied for the purpose of building free schoolhouses. There is also levied, for the same purpose, a poll tax of $1 upon all males over the age of 21 years.

The salaries paid teachers range from $35 to $115, so that the most usual salary is $75 per month. The $35 is for places where the scholastic population is too sparse for a full salary. Twenty scholars are the minimum, and thirty-five the maximum for one teacher. For less than twenty, the State pays $1.50 per scholar. The qualifications requisite grade from mere spelling, reading, and writing to the higher branches.

The law makes no distinction on account of race, color, &c., but permits the local school directors to make such regulations as will be to the common interest, and the directors leave it to the choice of the inhabitants of each school district, and so far, both white and colored prefer separate schools. All have an equal share in the school fund.

Until the school-houses are built others may be leased, and schools are going into operation as fast as teachers can be obtained. The State is almost destitute of teachers for colored children, and five hundred can get immediate employment in the State. Being President of the Board of School Directors for this (Houston) county, I am sure there is a demand for at least twenty in this county now. Old Houston has given a loyal majority at every election since the rebellion, and always will. She elected Union men to the Legislature several times during the rebellion; and during Johnson's administration, with only the white vote, she gave a majority of six for an original and well defined Union man.

The result of the late elections in the North, the certainty of Grant's re-election, his summary dealings with the Ku-Klux in North and South Carolina, the demoralization of the Democratic party, considered in a national point of view, and the six shooter State guard and police laws of the State, the firm execution of these laws by Governor Davis, (four thousand bad men having been arrested and punished, and five thousand having fled the State, and the rest being made to behave,) has given almost entire repose to society, for Mr. Reb has learned that the Republican party is a stern reality, and is beginning to deport himself accordingly.

I have the honor to be the President of the National Civil Rights Association for this county, and its objects will be carried out to the letter and spirit. I am a clergyman of Castwright warp and Brownlow filling, with a sheepskin from Bishop Simpson. I discourse to the colored people, and run a Sunday school composed of colored children. I am a native of Alabama, and a refugee North during the reign of Jeff. Davis.

Allow me to close with the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us."

WM. V. TUNSTALL.

Equal Rights.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Jan. 8th, 1872.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

The colored citizens of Binghamton met in Zion church for the purpose of considering, and also of signing, a petition, praying for the passage of the Supplementary Civil Rights Bill. The house was called to order by Rev. S. S. Wales; after which, S. S. Wales was chosen Chairman, and Henry Bell Secretary. The Chairman stated the object of the meeting, and also read the heading to the petition.

Remarks were made suitable to the occasion by H. C. Jones, Samuel More, and Mr. Harper. The following preambles and resolution were offered by S. S. Wales, and unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has been the misfortune of the African race to have suffered under the galling yoke of American slavery for nearly two hundred and fifty years; and notwithstanding the suffering they endured from the hands of cruel masters; and notwithstanding the laws of States acknowledging property in man, hundreds and thousands of the noble sons of Africa have been bought and sold as cattle. The same who were oppressed did, in the time of the country's peril, rally to her assistance, thereby returning *good* for *evil* and blessing for cursing.

Whereas by an overruling Providence, the day at last came that a proclamation was issued by Abraham Lincoln, (who afterwards fell as a martyr,) declaring all men free and equal before the law; and

Whereas we perceive that we are not yet in possession of all those rights that have been so dearly won by our sinew and blood; therefore

Resolved, That it be the indispensable duty of every colored citizen to continue to battle by rallying to the ballot-box, and by urging their cause in the Legislature and in the Senate, until the colored man shall not only be blessed with equal rights before the law, but that the bill that has been offered by the Hon. Charles Sumner, known as the Supplementary Civil Rights Bill, shall meet the approbation of the majority of the members of the Senate and House of Representatives.

After signing the petition by all the males present, the meeting adjourned.

* * *

Letter from Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, *January 6th*, 1872.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

If I were a penny a-liner or consulted my own feelings, I should enter into an elaborate eulogy of the Washingtonians, praising their hospitality, lauding their public spirit, and yet lamenting "the way they have" of taking the stranger in and "doing" for him till he would fain go anywhere, take any vehicle provided he reach the train which is to convey him homeward. I should enter into particulars—speaking of pilgrimages by day and night, east, west, north and south, during my short sojourn in your city. Remembrances come over me of genial bank presidents stern guardians of the filthy lucre, members of the District Legislature, who certainly know how to keep a hotel, and are generally *handy*—ubiquitous and public spirited professors, regiments of students about to go forth to kill, sue, preach, and physic, legions of clerks, to say nothing of the care-worn editors, lean and attenuated apothecaries, sleek well-fed contractors, and urbane hotel proprietors whose very greeting speaks peace to troubled appetites and predicts sweet repose. One or two general truths, however, I shall enunciate. He who goeth to Washington, does so at his own risk, and shall find much mud. The stranger shall surely lose the first train by which he attempteth to depart. It taketh longer to change horses in Washington than in any other place on the continent. If thou would'st escape unharmed, think of Curtis, and criticise not the public buildings. Imitate Thackeray with regard to the statues. Address no man by a less title than "clerk." If thou art not *blase* on the subject of beauty, *puellae formosae* will much delight and, perhaps, enchain thee. Lucky wilt thou be if thou escape untouched at their hands.

Den Schiffer im Kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh,
Er Schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er Schaut nur heinauf in die Hola!

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende noch Fischer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihren Singen
Die Lorelie gethan.

Washingtonians are, as far as known, truthful, but in case thou hast an engagement in another city, seize thy valise, umbrella, and overshoes, which thou hast judiciously brought with thee, and start for the train full half an hour in advance of the time they appoint. These few maxims, axioms, or whatever they are, in the strangers ear, and Polonius asks no fee. Three tired strangers left Washington on New Year's night with the happiest recollections of a pleasant week—two sought the metropolis, one gained the city of brotherly love—to find vials of wrath waiting for his devoted head, a disappointed audience thirsting for his "bluid." He arrived home in time to hear of fairs during the Christmas week—of a sparkling poem delivered at the Central Church by Rev. Wm. H. Josephus, hitting at some of the follies of the woman's rights movement. The ERA may see it yet. We heard of an address on Education given at the same church, by Miss F. M. Jackson, showing what it was, what it was not, some errors in our present system, their correctives, illustrated by quotations from ancient and modern classic authorities. The fair of the St. Thomas' Episcopal church was so successful that it was continued during the past week. On Thursday evening Mr. Grecner read before them, The Christmas Carol of Charles Dickens, and on Friday evening, there was a concert of the Sabbath School children, and Miss Jackson delivered an address on what might be called "The conservation of our own talent." She spoke of the only lasting fame—the literary part, of the necessity of encouraging and fostering it. Our artists, poets, orators, editors, and men of ability generally, working on without the proper stimulus from their own race, often without a proper recognition of their ability came in for a share of her attention, and she *naively* remarked that, if half of the good things which are poured upon coffins, were whispered in our ears while we were alive, one might be encouraged to do and attempt more. It would certainly brighten many a dark path. The illustrations from the classics were pertinent, and did not savor of the "shop." Her manner in speaking was admirable—without notes, conversational, earnest, and fluent. She has all the attributes of a successful speaker. If we may judge from the frequent "Amens!" and other signs of approval, Miss Jackson's speech was the best hit of the season. She preached one of the most practical sermons delivered in this city for some time. Only another illustration that intellect is independent of sex.

While on the lecturing topic let me speak also of some social gatherings, where certain of the musically inclined meet to sing and perform on the piano. Rumor says that they are very agreeable; common sense tells us they are exceedingly rational. There are reports of tableaux in connection with them, and farces and charades. A proper regard for my whiskers keeps me from giving you the names of the promoters of this sensible and praiseworthy movement.

What are the men doing? We are making arrangements for a public meeting of the citizens of the city and vicinity to be held on the 15th instant, to express their approval of Senator Sumner's bill. Some of the best speakers are invited, and there is every prospect of such a meeting as will be worthy of the subject. Mr. James W. Purnell, assistant cashier of our branch bank, leaves to-morrow night for your city with a first installment of the petition containing several thousand names. If needed, others are ready to come down and assist in the work. We have not yet heard from our petitions from the interior of the State. The State Equal Rights League has the matter in charge. We shall hear soon, in all probability, from Messrs. Nesbit, Forten, and Bustil.

One of the best things of the week was an address, advocating the claims of Lincoln University, by Mr. Francis J. Grimke, known to many of your readers as one of our rising young men. The address was quite elaborate, rather too much elaboration, if I may venture a criticism, but full of excellent observations, good reasoning, and pervaded throughout by a fervent, religious spirit. Although I am opposed to exclusive colored colleges, I could not help feeling, while I listened to the young man, that Lincoln would have repaid all the money bestowed upon her, had she but given us two such promising young men as Mr. Grimke and his equally gifted brother.

Our generous friend Stephen Smith, expressed himself pleased with the lecture to the extent of fifty dollars. It was only the recollection of my bank account which prevented me from following his example. Thank God, wealth does not canker all men's hearts, nor rust their sensibilities! Generosity and riches are not incompatible, and worth, if real and meritorious, is sure of recognition.

President Rendal, of Lincoln University, will be with us to-morrow, preaching in the Central Church. He will be the guest of Wm. Still, Esq., whose new book, by the way, on "The Underground Railroad," is now in press and will be issued soon. It promises to be one of the illustrations of the old proverb that "truth is stranger than fiction." It proves the truth of Fredrika Bremer's remark, that the fate of the negro was the romance of modern history. It was more than the romance, it was the tragedy. The comedy of equality still goes on, and the actors are the sovereign American people. "Long live the King!"

R. T. G.

Frederick Douglass and the Supplementary Civil Rights Bill.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

Hearing so much ado about your letter in the latest issue, and its disfavor towards the Supplementary Bill of Civil Rights, I began to charge myself gravely with the fault of reading your paper superficially, and, to amend this, I betook myself to a re reading of this awful unpatriotic letter, of which it is said Mr. Sumner declares that its tendency is to do harm to the bill.

I fail to see the truth of any such malicious statements, and firmly disbelieve that the high-toned and impartial spirit of Senator Sumner ever found utterance in such remarks.

You are undoubtedly correct in saying that the present treatment which you receive in hotels, steamboats, &c., is only laying the foundation for the practice of the Civil Rights Bill. This in nowise says that you are satisfied with the treatment you, as an individual, receive, as a compensation for the treatment of the race of which you are a part. Moreover, how long is it since you have received these privileges which are now justly awarded you in Chicago and elsewhere? You say but a short time. This proves that the public mind, fomented as it has been by prejudice, is now subsiding under the influence of the Civil Rights Bill, and its becoming a part of the fundamental law of the land, and you are but the first, hitherto kept at the bottom as sediment, who now rise to the top in common with others. Your paper has been teeming with advocating sentiments in favor of the Civil Rights Bill, both from yourself and correspondents; how, then, in the name of justice and truth, can one be bold enough to assert that you are not in favor of it. Such a belief can only find place in the mind either of a madman or one who is given up to injure his neighbor. I trust you will continue in your travels to assert the dignity and intelligence of the negro equal with his white brother.

A short time ago, at a public meeting, I heard a great colored man of this country say "that our nation had grown two great men, Senator Sumner and Frederick Douglass. I thought the speaker's addition was bad. I would say three, and include the speaker. And these three great men have been, and I trust will continue to be, our pioneers, nay our generals, in the great fight of justice and equality. Let me whisper that Homer instructed that, "Division between those of the same party exposes them entirely to their enemies." The more you agree together, the less hurt can your enemies do you.

In closing, if there be any one who can prove in what manner your letter does injury, I shall be glad to hear from that person, otherwise we will count it all to spite and prejudice.

D. A. S.

Letter from Vancouver Island.

VICTORIA, Dec. 22, 1871.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

DEAR SIR: On the 14th of November last, William Hedges, a native of Baltimore, died in my house. He made a will, and left all his property to his wife, Ellen Hedges, and his five children. He often said to me that they all resided in the city of Baltimore. Mr. Hedges had been living in Seattle, W. T., for the last six or eight years, where he had the reputation of being very well to do. I would be most happy to give the family all the information in my power.

By giving the above a place in the NEW NATIONAL ERA, you will confer a favor on your old friend,

PETER LESTER.

Judge Orr and the Ku-Klux.

Hon. Jas. L. Orr, of South Carolina, who will be remembered as formerly a Democrat, a prominent member of Congress from that State, and Speaker of the House of Representatives, is now Judge. In a charge to the Grand Jury of Pickens county, delivered a fortnight ago, he made use of the following language: "However men may differ in their opinions as to the wisdom and justice of the course pursued by the Federal Government in suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* in several of the counties in this State—and it is due to frankness that I should as an individual say it was, in my judgment, a necessity—it is very certain that the counties that frowned down all unlawful combinations, the counties that have protected person and property by law, the counties where peace, quiet, and good order have prevailed, have been exempted from the stern provisions of the President's proclamation suspending the *habeas corpus*. Persist in the good conduct that has marked your history for three years past, and be assured the privileges of *habeas corpus* will never be denied to the county of Pickens."

EMIGRATION OF COLORED PEOPLE.—The colored people in Madison and Macoupin counties, Illinois, have, it is reported, made extensive preparations for emigrating to the States bordering upon the Lower Mississippi and Gulf of Mexico. These emigrants are thrifty, industrious, free-born Africans, and are farmers, mechanics, and laborers. They are going with their families to the South, intending to make that region their home. This movement has not been undertaken without due deliberation and examination, as some of the most intelligent and trustworthy of the colored people were sent down South for the express purpose of ascertaining the exact condition of affairs, and the inducements to emigration. These pioneers settled in the proposed localities and went to work at their trades, thus giving the experiment a fair practical trial.

A BRAVE EDITOR.—Persons who have heard of the nine hundred whippings which took place in Spartanburg county, South Carolina, within the last eighteen months, would not imagine that a Republican editor would be likely to start business in that locality; nevertheless Dr. Javan Bryan, whom the Columbia *Union* designates as a "fearless defender of the right," has begun the publication of a Republican newspaper in the village of Spartanburg, and gives to his paper the appropriate name of *The Carolina New Era*. It is to be hoped that before the United States Circuit Court now in session at Columbia adjourns such punishment will have been meted out to the Ku-Klux as will make possible the publication of a Republican newspaper in every village in South Carolina. In the meantime Dr. Bryan and the *Carolina New Era* have our best wishes.—*Balt. American.*